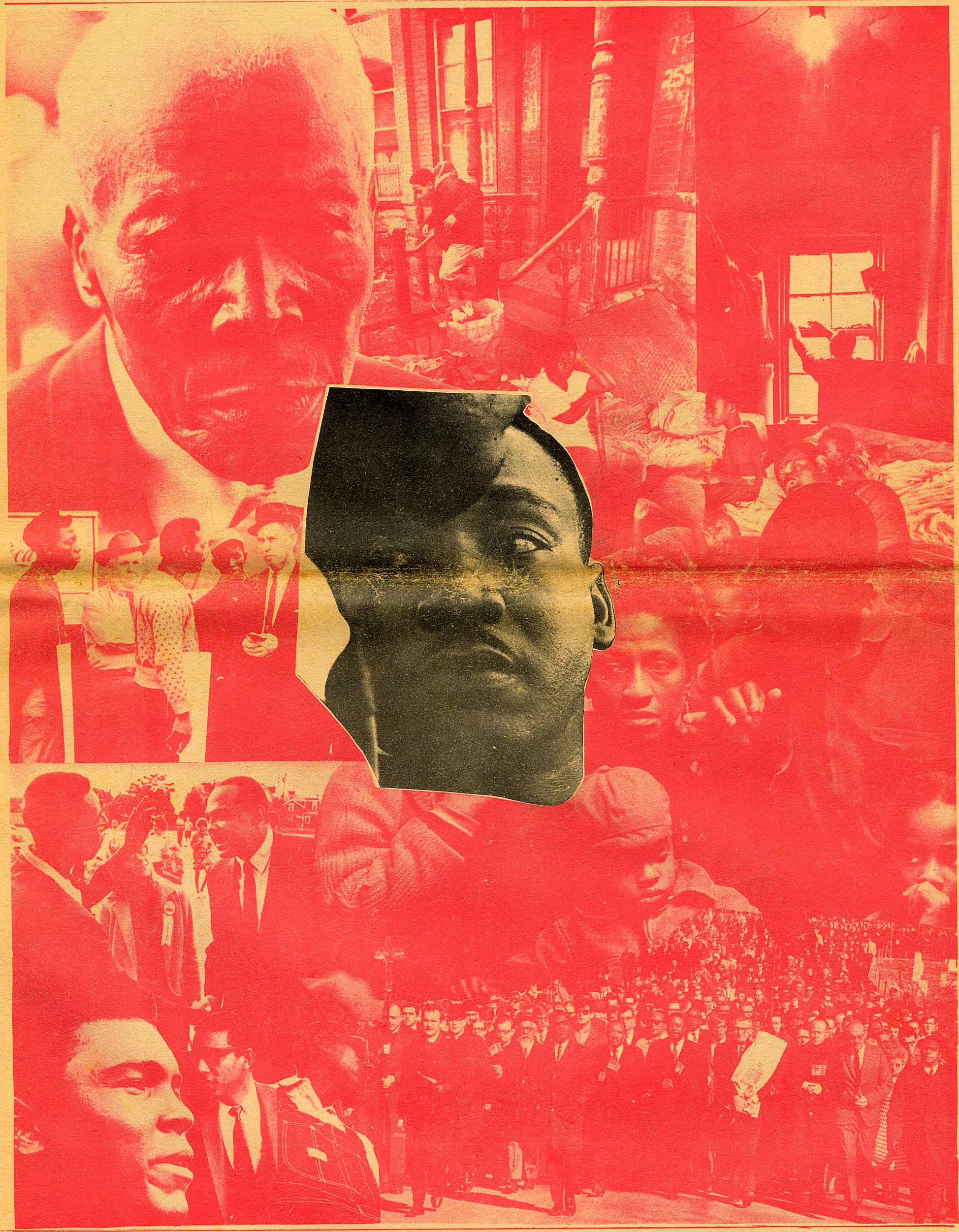
MOTHER OF VOICES

ISSUE NO. TEN



ARRIL 11-24 1968

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25 CENTS

Eeenie-Meenie-Minie Moe,
Catch a niggah by the
toe.
If he hollers, let
him go...

...and God gave Noah
the rainbow sign;
no more water,
but the fire next time.

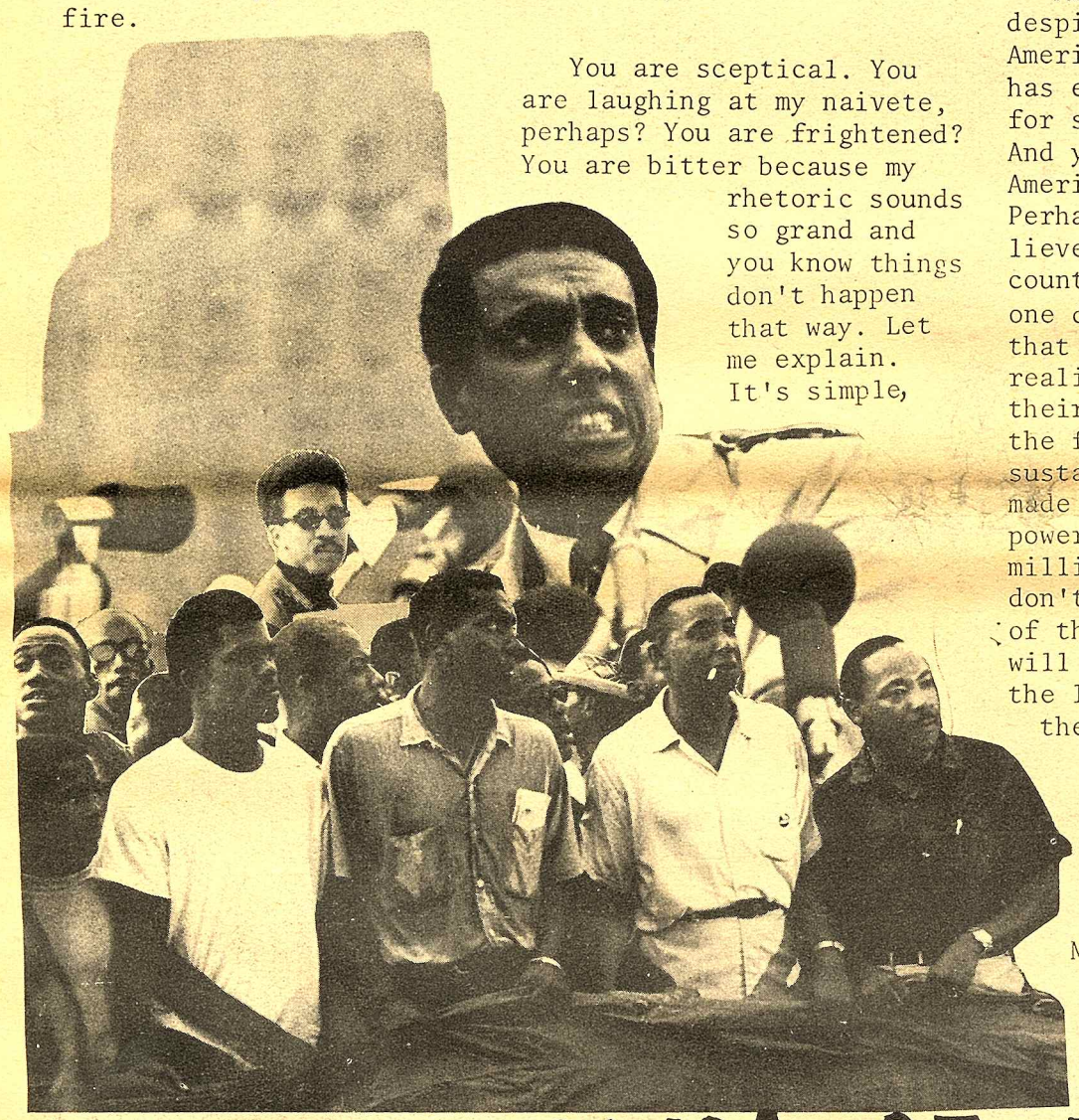
Collage by A.

JOHNNY HOLOCAUST TELLS IT LIKE ITS GONNA BE

It's all over but the shouting. And the shooting. And the burning. And the killing. And the carnage and death and destruction. America is all washed up. It's day has come and gone. America is already dead. It remains only to cut up the putrefying carcass and dispose of it. The revolution is, at this stage, mainly a sanitation operation.

More seriously, we have to disassemble the topheavy American superstructure which is consuming the land, an angry monster jealous of all life. See how it ruthlessly devours all wild living things, trees, flowers, untamed animals. How long will it tolerate humanity? Given the chance, the American system, the American Moloch destroys humanity. It has broken millions, maimed, trampled, killed outright millions more. Whole races have been ground under by the machine with the stamp made in U.S.A. Entire peoples and nations destroyed, all in the name of America, in the name of the American way of life.

And now the American machine has turned on the very people who had always been told that they were the beneficiaries of the system. Those who reaped the harvest of the American dream for generations are now reaping a bitter harvest of despair, brutal repression and slow death by suffocation in consumer goods. But America's day is past. Many of us cannot yet believe that this is so. But it is so. America is dead. WE shall live to see it on its funeral pyre. Some of us shall help to light that fire.



You are sceptical. You are laughing at my naivete, perhaps? You are frightened? You are bitter because my rhetoric sounds so grand and you know things don't happen that way. Let me explain. It's simple, really. And we all have a part to play in the drama of destruction and rebirth. Let's try to be hip to where we are and what we must do, and get on with it.

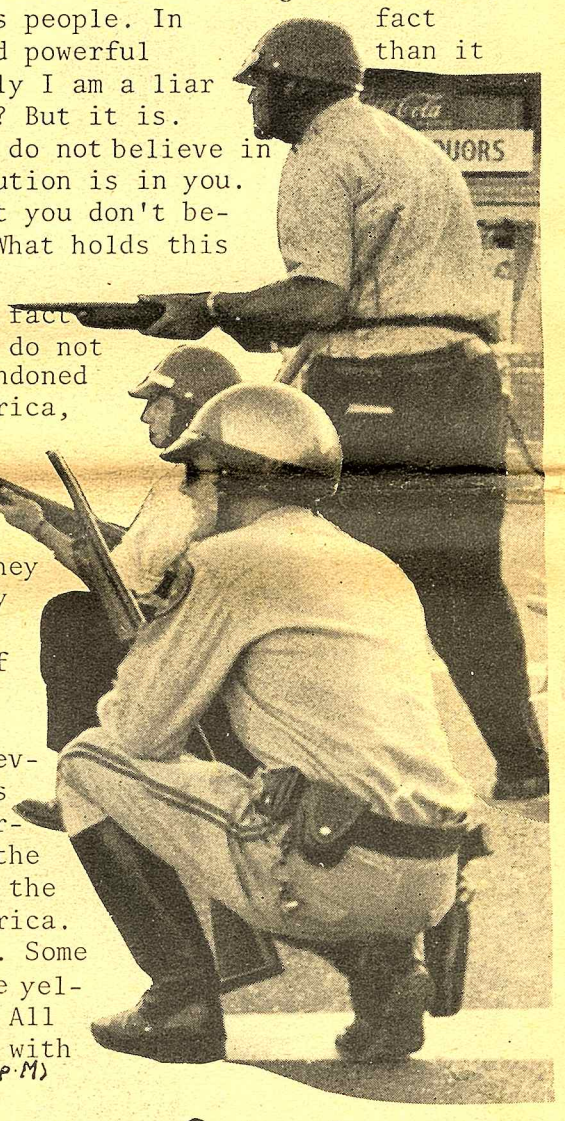
Like all societies and cultures America's existence depends on its citizens believing unquestioningly in certain myths. These myths give people a national or cultural identity, a sense of purpose, activities to manifest and develop that purpose. In other words these myths give a group of people something to be, something to die for. Groups usually refer to these myths collectively as their way of Life (the American Way of Life, the Southern Way of Life, the Jewish Way of Life, the Greek Way of Life, the Bosnia-Herzegovinian Way of Life). Nothing is more sacred to a group than its myths about its Way of Life.

But what happens to a group that ceases to believe in its Way of Life? Simple. As a group, as a nation or culture or ethnic unit, it ceases to exist. The people in that group may all die out (the Sumerian Way of Life, the Mohican Way of Life) or they may become part of a different group (polish Jews becoming Israelis). But the group identity, and the group Way of Life, disappears. When the majority of Americans no longer accepts the myths of the American Dream, then America will cease to exist. Now I say verily unto you, this has already happened. And so, it is all over but the shouting, and the shooting. (do you Believe? in the American Dream?)

America still exists in more or less recognizable form, despite the unbelief of its people. In fact America seems more rich and powerful than it has ever been before. Surely I am a liar for saying America is dead? But it is. And you who read this, you do not believe in America's myths. The Revolution is in you. Perhaps you don't know that you don't believe. It doesn't matter. What holds this country together from one day to tomorrow is the fact that millions of Americans do not realize that they have abandoned their faith in America, the faith which sustained America and made it huge and fat and powerful. And when those millions understand that they don't believe, then the cry of the anguish and despair will be the death rattle of the land of the Freeds and the home of the Braves.

As you read this, several million Americans brood, silently, murderously, plotting the violent overthrow of the United States of America. Most of them are black. Some of them are red. Some yellow. Many are white. All of them are seething with

(continued p. M)



THE REPLICA OF THE BIG BLOW

We know what Martin Luther King's death means to the black man who lives in the city, the far away city. What his death means to the white man who doesn't live in the city around the corner from the ghetto is what you don't want to admit. Because I've watched the reaction of the people in Amherst, Massachusetts, and I think his death means shit to the people who live in this elm town.

Which is to say, you are untouched by his death. Your lives, your hearts, your guts and your careers are untouched because of the womb mothers, fathers, administrators, teachers, businessmen and you yourselves have made. Four years to live as if life were someone else's trouble, and I don't mean the life struggle of paying bills so you can be a student or buy your new car. That argument is shit. The life you evade exists in your bellies and your loins. It is brought alive when you see horror or beauty. And those elements are part of someplace else.

Where those elements are stark, now there is fire. The cities are burning. Right now, black men are waiting for King to be buried, and then they will not restrain themselves. They are after the whole show. The time's come. And you are not part of that hell because you live here and can go on comfortably with your racism without being told you are very disgusting creatures.

Because Amherst is the cunt of racism, the microcosm of racism, the replica of the big blow--but here the attitudes live alone without the unsettling experience of thinking like a bigot while looking into a black man's eyes, a human being's eyes. So you are undisturbed. There are those of you who like me have always been disturbed. And I and you know who we are and what we must do. The rest of you in your peace face death.

When Cambell's Realty receives a visit from some apartment hunters, and they calmly pick up their phone and ring up the property owner, and say, "Hi, Mr. Thompson, got a nice colored couple here who would like to see your apartment. . . ," you've got to admit the system somehow coexists with all those trout streams and churches. When Mr. Vincent, of Louis Foods, says he won't hire Negroes because his customers wouldn't like it, even though all the store fronts around the Amherst Commons are replicas of Colonial architecture, the damned system which everybody dislikes must be accepted as one of the guidelines of living styles in the town.

There is a fraternity house on the south corner of the intersection of Fearing Street and N. Pleasant Street. The night that King was killed, the night 500 students marched from the Orchard Hill Dorm Complex to Amherst College and

(continued p. L)

ELVIS PRESLEY KILLED DWIGHT EISENHOWER

by Jerry Rubin (LNS)

Friends: The version of this story in the Berkely Barb has a few minor errors which are corrected below.

The white man is dead.

The American flag burned to ashes at Hiroshima.

Money is another name for shit.

God is that Vietnamese baby killed yesterday by napalm.

The revolution is a daily process, and it is like falling in love.

I am not a free man. I am a detail in a machine. I am useless to my society. I am given many gifts, and asked to show respect. I am not free because the color of my skin is white, and white is the color of the oppressor.

History has chosen us -- born white in middle class America -- to reverse centuries of America. History has chosen us -- the inheritors of the best money could buy -- to vomit up our inheritance. Rip off that white skin, tear off that American mask, flush those credit cards down the toilet bowl!

We are the sons of the men who slaughtered the Indians, forced the blacks to the South as slave labor, carried the red-white-blue to the dark corners of the earth. America's past haunts her present: what do you do with the blacks now that they are no longer needed to work the fields? How can a country which industrialized by teaching men individual competition, greed and money-worship now re-distribute its wealth? How does it feel fighting for suburbia in the swamps of Vietnam?

Established America offers her youth nothing to believe in. We are offered a "no thank you" deal -- that deal is "Preserve the American Status Quo." Go along with it and you find yourself in a tiny minority in the world. You become a pawn, not a king. All the structures have been built, all the roads mapped, all the institutions created, all the adventures over. You adapt, conform, be sociable, stuff yourself with food, Yesterday America needed industrialists and pioneers -- today she needs soldiers, bureaucrats, and a mass apathetic public.

Yes, America demands something from her youth: respect. In every country the youth confirm or reject the lives of their fathers. America tests herself and her youth in a classic manner: the test of war: sons, die for your fathers. Heroic and noble it can be to die defending one's homeland; but in Vietnam the foreign invader with his machine can find no nobility in death.

There is only one way to save America and that is by revolutionary upheaval from within. History is not over: history is experiencing the pains of childbirth. We white middle-class American youth must recognize our identity with the Vietnamese and the blacks; we must make our own revolution in America.

IT IS NOT

Ours will be a revolution against privilege and a revolution against the boredom of steel-concrete-plastic. We are working toward a new revolutionary identity -- as yet unnamed -- but in the experimenting behavior, the wild, multi-colored looks and underneath all the hair struggles a search for a new meaning in life, for a personal apocalypse. Those of us 35 years and under are just the first fragile searchers: it will be our sperm which will produce the generation which will complete the revolution.

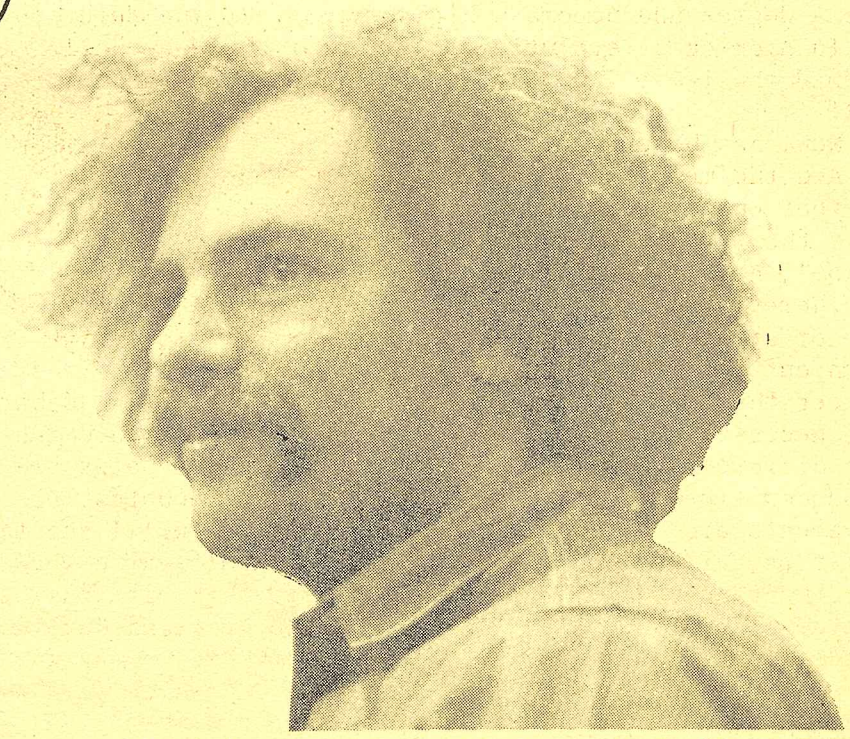
All the "isms" from capitalism to socialism are dead.

It is revolutionary to see life as a trip, not a drag.

Elvis Presley killed Dwight Eisenhower.

YOU are the revolution.

* * *



"What is your program?" they ask us. Our program?

"America's worst enemies should be her best friends."

"Abolish the Congress and turn the nation's elementary schools into legislative bodies."

Our program is acting out of need, emotion, feeling, out of reaction to external conditions. Our program is:

Life.
Passion.
Hope.
Rebellion.
Romance.
Energy.
Daydreams.

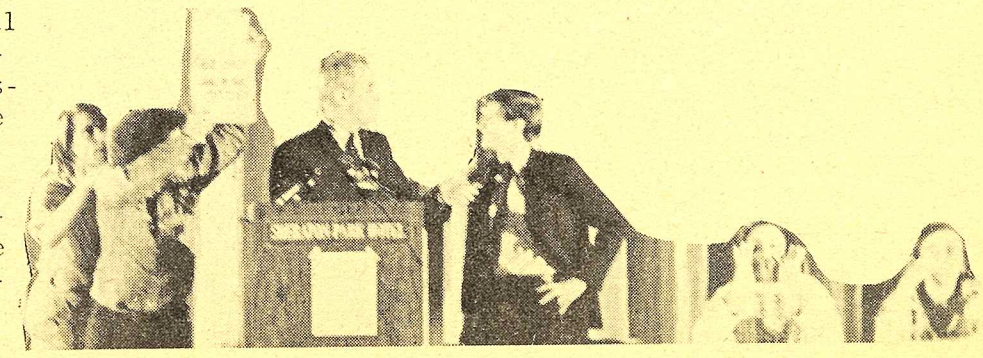
All old concepts of revolution must be surpassed--life has passed them by.

Revolutionaries used to be known as "socialists." Socialism in industrialized countries bases itself on the liberation of the Working Class, but automation has arrived in the middle of the night and thrown into doubt the whole future of the work itself. The workers today are LBJ's most devoted supporters. The contractual relationship between business and labor union is America's bedrock of security, like the church-state separation and the two-party political system.

BLACK ALL

Socialism fails to deal with the new realities created by technological advance; socialism is helpless in the face of America's satisfaction of the worker's economic needs. Two of the main conflicts in America today are racial and cultural, and socialism says little about either.

America and "Socialist" Russia today are brothers under the skin, which says about as much about old age as it does about economic systems.



BABY BLUE AND WHITE

Capitalism is on its death bed in the jungles of Vietnam, the ghettoes of America, and in the heads of America's youth.

Communism? Communism's greatest force as an idea is its ability to serve as a projection of America's own desires. When LBJ describes the Communists he is really exposing the American id to the world. If LBJ were logical, he would order an immediate napalm drop on the White House!

We must create a new model for the good society, but that can only be done through action. The Left in America has a lot in common psychologically with the Christian Church: socialism or heaven lies in the future; you must wait for the objective conditions; we have the truth; it was written by the great men in the past; study it and you too can be a "revolutionary."

Sound familiar? The American economic system says: work hard so you cnn retire for a good life in the future! The American school system says: study hard so you can get a degree and become a big something in the future!

In America a revolutionary movement could be built around the idea: I want to live life now! Ecstacy now!

Now! has become our rallying cry.

And the message is: you are the message. Be your own leader. Start from scratch. Make the revolution wherever you are, school, home, city, office building.

There is no right or wrong tactic or strategy. Things always turn out differently than you expect them to--always--not necessarily worse, but different. Error produces truth. Movements are built on failure. Debates are debates are debates are debates are debates. Do it--we'll see the results afterward. Everything is possible

The American Revolution for whites began with music. Elvis Presley smashed McCarthyism and the Eisenhower years with his "Heartbreak Hotel." Teen-agers began to dominate the music market, and they got a taste of their own power. They set their own values. It was only a matter of time before they would go into the streets. Remember Fabian? He turned out to be a subversive after all!

* * * * *

Revolutionaries are great in bed.
Why should the devil have all the good tunes?
Tits may save America yet.
J. Edgar Hoover is a Communist.

* * * *

A revolutionary movement is a religious movement. A revolutionary movement enables people to see themselves as giants. The most important aspect of a revolutionary movement is its spiritual transformation of values, of the quality of life. Very few people are primarily interested in politics, except career-minded men. An excessive interest in politics can cut the movement off from the people, who are much more interested in music, sex, sports, romance, mystery, television.

Revolutionaries are starry-eyed idealists, optimists. Revolutions are based on the belief that man is selfish and power hungry. And so you get what you expect. Our movement is an affirmation of life, an affirmation of being.

America says to its youth: don't. don't. don't.

We say: do. do. do. do it again. and again.

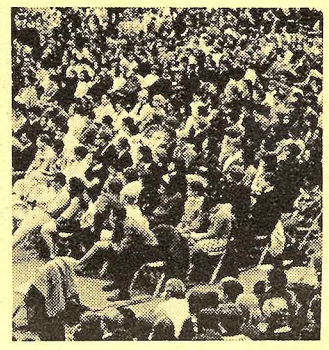
America is trapped in a series of contradictions: institutions created to solve certain problems develop vested interests, and then they need the continuance of the problem to maintain their own power. The military needs war. J. Edgar Freako has a vested interest in the Communist movement. Anti-poverty bureaucracies dig poverty. Cops dig crime. No one wants to eliminate his own job. American society divides and atomizes, and few people see beyond their own narrow functions. There is no general morality to appeal to, and if there were, who'd be around to listen?

A lot of liberal intellectuals--a dying breed--believe all they have to do is say it right, and change may come. Remember in high school when we used to memorize the four causes of World War II? Wow--that was weird. The intellectuals would be better off if they wrote their political programs on the tits of naked women and handed the pictures out free in Times Square! If the entire faculty of Columbia resigned to put out comic books for kids, I'd believe these men were serious!

Because America has all the answers. The answer is always implied and dictated by the question asked. From the Yippie's Little Red Book: He who asks the question has the power. America asks the following questions: "How do we stop Communism?" "How do we restore law and order?" Try a Yippie-question: "Why stop Communism?" "Why restore law and order?" "WHY?"

* *

America is a sports fantasy: sports have winners, losers, fans, scores, teams, tension, excitement, suspense, betting, myths, rhythms. Sports are not settled by rational debates. Our politics has got to take some cues from the sports arena. We all have to become mythical ballplayers. We have got to appeal to Americans where they are at psychologically.



Jerry Rubin (seated)

*** ***

The castrator of our youth today is the schools. America's schools teach obedience; America's schools convince the young that they cannot fly. The schools produce wounded, half-people by discouraging enthusiasm, by converting youthful emotion and curiosity into serious reasonableness; by glorifying the expert and scorning the hero; by dividing life into pieces called "subjects." Castration is performed through the school cycle: material is memorized for the right answers for the good grades for the degrees. This is homogenizing for the 9-5 success-career-job stupor of middle class life in which play is divorced from work.

A classroom setting is an authoritarian structure: teacher up front and student lined up in rows. Break the chairs! Smash authority! Authority is the enemy. Experts are fuck-ups. Fuck rules and charts and diagrams and "the-way-we-do-things." The only real expert is your own heart and intuition.

The academic world teaches detachment. The movement teaches involvement. The movement must set as high priority the closing down of America's schools and universities.

What is unique in America today is happening from the bottom up--no one knows enough to direct it. The ice is melting. The chickens are coming home to roost. It is a revolutionary condition wherein large numbers of people in a society find their needs and hopes irrelevant to the nation's institution: their very existence is disruptive. The automated economy, the over-organized society condemns blacks and many young whites to irrelevance. Order them away to far-off lands; the Machine does not

(continued p.K)

YIPPIE

Robert Novick (LNS)

Last November federal agents arrested Philip Melman for violation of the narcotic laws. In the process of seizing hashish, LSD, and opium, they discovered and impounded a large amount of radical political literature.

Philip Melman is seventy-five years old. He spent the years between 1922 and 1926 in San Quentin on a charge of criminal syndicalism. His active political life spans the years of the IWW, the depression of the industrial union drive of the thirties, and the post-war period. He has been a head for sixty years.

"It was the day before Thanksgiving and I had company for dinner. The doorbell rang and a postal inspector (dressed as a letter carrier) delivered a package. I accepted it even though it was addressed to Mrs. Melman, who has been dead for years. When I opened the parcel there was a pound of hashish inside.

A few minutes later the door gave way and the narcos came in. They handcuffed everyone and started to search my house.

I asked if they had a warrant and the agent watching us replied that if they needed a warrant they would get one. Then I mentioned something about the Constitution. An agent said that 'the Constitution wasn't written for assholes like you.'
They found some opium and acid.

We went downtown and they interrogated me. They wanted to know where I sold the dope. I told them that I never sold any. Then they started trying to build a big case by connecting anarchism, communism, the IWW, Mao-tse tung and dope.

All the time they were trying to get me to say that I was selling dope. I kept saying no. The agent asked me why I had so much stuff. I said, 'well, you know, I'm a heavy smoker.'

RN: How much opium was there?

Well, I'm not sure. Originally 27 ounces.

They sent me to see the federal public defender. At first he treated me like some sort of half wit, a dope fiend. I didn't give a damn.

He said, 'I'm not going to fight.' I said 'I'm not asking you to fight, I'm merely explaining that I don't feel guilty or anything, you understand. I want to fight it on constitutional grounds. The fact that they came here was entrapment. Sending me a package. Anybody could send something illegal in the mail and notify the authorities.

RN: But they found a lot of other stuff.

PM: That evidence has to be discarded because they came in under false pretenses. Because if they suspect somebody and can't get a warrant, they just have to send him a package. And then they come and find something or even plant it. He finally decided to defend me on this basis.

RN: How long have you been smoking dope?

PM: Since 1912.

RN: Well, it doesn't seem to interfere with your health.

PM: No, it hasn't. That's what the judge said the last time. He said, "How old are you, Mr. Melman?" I said, "I'll be 75, the second of May." He said, "You look very good for your age." And it was on the tip of my tongue to tell him, well that's from using opium. But I didn't want to patronize him.

RN: I wonder if you could tell me a little about your background. When did you leave Czarist Russia?

PM: I was born in 1893. I used to go to sea but stopped during World War I because I didn't figure I had any business getting killed.

I started again after 1945. I had to get papers but I didn't have anything but seaman's papers. Sometimes they wouldn't permit me to land because I had no papers. I haven't even got a birth certificate.

He started to ask about violence and I said that neither I nor the organization believe in violence. Anybody who thinks they can overthrow the United States by violence, except for the military, should have their head examined. But even if that would be feasible I would still be against it. Because any group that has that much power would eliminate me. That's a sure thing. So they took my seamen's papers and they turned them into the Coast Guard.

RN: Do you use LSD?

PM: Sure. I took it once for 35 days. I did it as an experiment, another fellow and I.

RN: 35 days?

PM: 35 days. I had to increase the doses. It loses its effectiveness. I took 1600 micrograms. I used to drink but I was never an alcoholic. I lost my desire for alcohol.

RN: From the acid?

PM: Right.

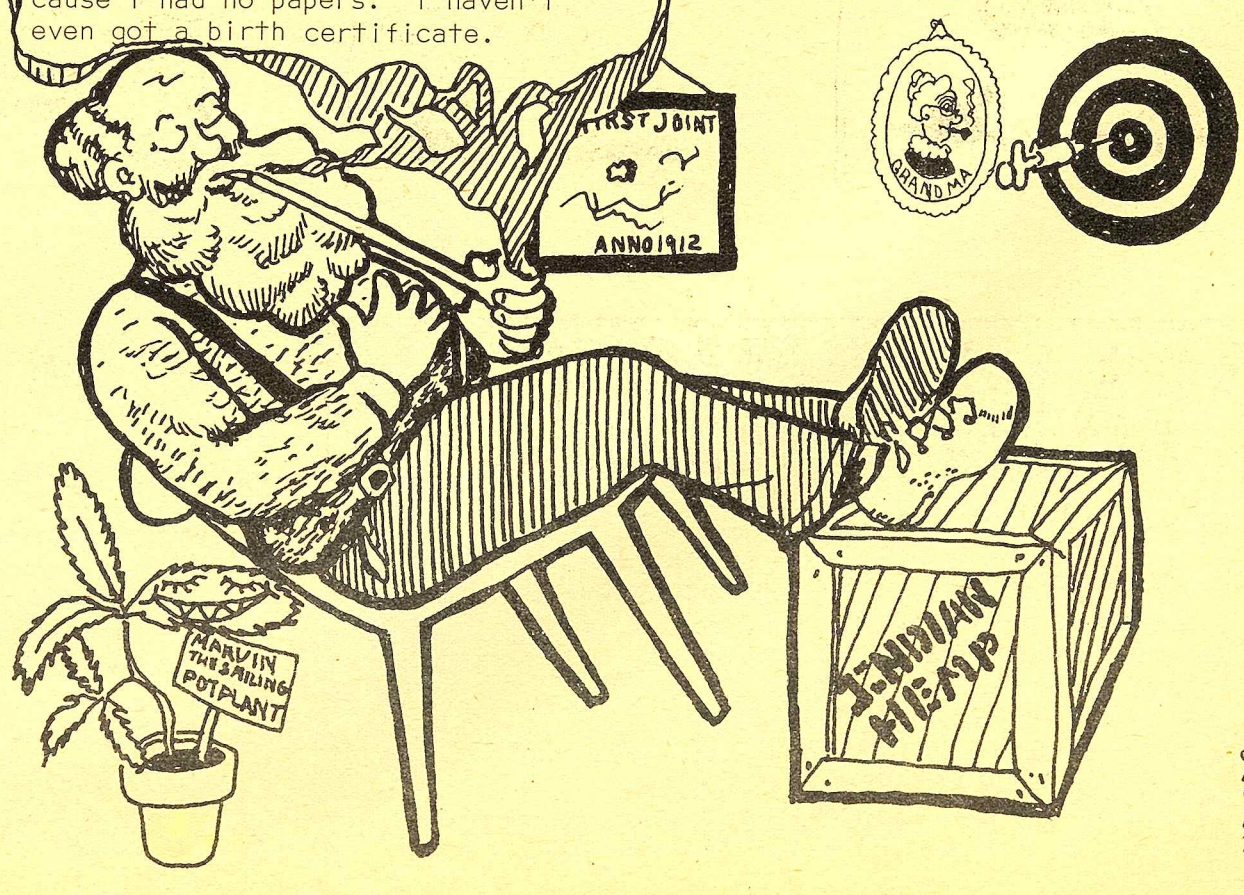
RN: What do you think about the fact that more and more people are turning on to acid?

PM: A lot of them start out looking for a thrill. Kids, most of them, tell you to take it to communicate and pick up vibrations. Because in our culture it's wrong to do anything for pleasure. You have to have a higher motive. Well, I take it just because I like it. That's the only reason I would do anything. I don't do a thing under compulsion. And there's no reason to be ashamed of something I like. I said, God dammit, when I sleep with a woman or take a drink, I'm not doing it for anybody. If I do it I do it for myself. So why not with everything else.

RN: Do you think that the drug laws will ever be liberalized?

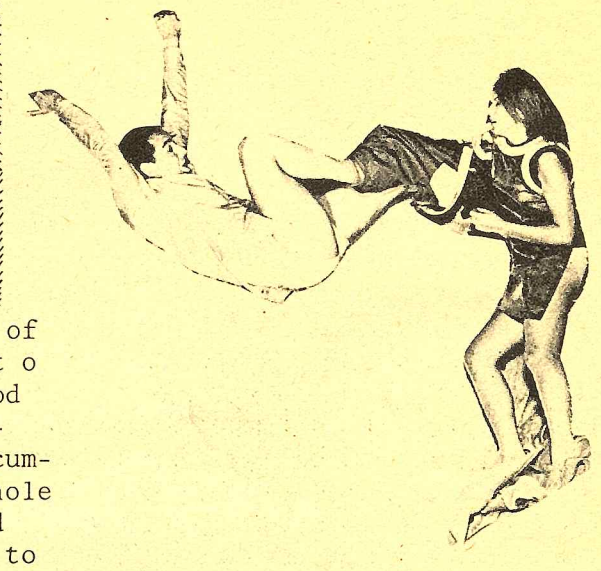
PM: I hope so. For the last several years i've been saying that the laws on marijuana will be changed. They may make it a misdemeanor instead of a felony. Too many people are using it. As more and more people use it, the more difficult it is to enforce the law.

Last Friday Philip Melman appeared in Federal Court. Over the strenuous objections of the prosecution, Judge Zirpoli threw the government's case out of court with the comment, "They could have sent me a package also."



Canney

THE SAGA OF SIR JOHN THE SINCERE



sir john the sincere was near walking in the forest searching for the kingdom of god in many colors he espied a plump desirable crooning untenably for her lost o fortuitous journey he scoffed will you come and lie with me under the greenwood tree remarked sir john abruptly changing tense i have vague misgivings she demurred with vague misgivings i have been duped into hiding by a conniving circumcision i will soon exhume myself he said shyly and there will then be no loophole in my honesty no i expect not she retorted glumly my name is vastly underrated will you now please begin the quest of slow seducation milady fair i am going to whimper confidentially will you give me a cliche whatever shall i do she cajoled exposing her sensitive clitoris i do not know what synecdoche is i do not know the population of wyoming i cannot recite the nicene creed expeditiously sir john rent his garments and spoke my cleverness makes me observe that you need not fear for you are a passing fair passing buxom lass and this easily compensates for your regrettable shortcomings but as for your future leave your snowy hillocks and ripe breasts and firm buttocks and smooth flanks in my cultured environment and i will open up the everlasting doors must i always strive for perfection moaned vastly underrated i am so alone at my fathers house there are many servants sleeping taut in ready obsequiousness to do my begging and i may ride through the pastoral scene the face which rural solitude might wear and note with a clarion cry on the distaff side what the spouse of an unenlightened swain might fry in ancient grease and it might give her pause to ask if there is some mistake now now corrected sir john soothingly be not too unctuous respect your elders do good to those who hate you the malaise you are in my child is not so great that it cannot be gotten out of with the warm pressure of my fervid splayed fingers rubbing back and forth across your responsible nipple for in these homely hours are made the most convivial advances and in the splendiferous moment might the most avuncular man closely counsel his pale virgin niece fear not for thou art with me it is all too much like a dream the damsel vastly underrated murmured low the poppies fume has lulled me in a soft slepp but to be awakened in such an unorthodox way between my white sleek legs i feel the turgid cumbersome member of sir john moving and fucking and i remember twas but a short while ago i fondled it as it lie kinetic and obtrusive in my hand o irradiative jewel the ineffable delight of your hot obdurate member on mywet inquisitive tongue with sliding movement of my sweet desperate lips i timorously hope milord that you do not think me promiscuous never my darling daughter could i find you promiscuous but rather ingenuous and enchanting proudly i tell you there exists no finer way to enhance this tenebrous villatic setting that with the tender ministrations of your exquisite tongue and uncloying pudendum has it not been instructive edifying and specially nutritious when you in wanton eagerness swallowed the tasteful puissant protein will my only love hear my entreaty which i extend humbly that she return here tomorrow eve so i may worship her girlish charms said sir hohn sneering covertly behind his impeccable glove the question which arises in my mind the shivering naked girl shrewdly replied since you with passion and expertise did cleanly remove the loathsome stone from the redolent sacred cavern i must be truely grateful for this marvellous resurrection but equity dictates that no man shall too largely benifit from the startling brilliance of renascent feminine favor even considering your ardor and excrutiating dexterity my pleasant gift is in the possession of all men and i shall with febrile dispatch sate and encourage adored and adoring engaging in requited longing for the huge swains distended members embellished by grease anticipating the yearning anus of vastly underrated.

--Craig Spratt (LNS)

Rocks

MAIN MUSIC
1591 Main Str. Springfield
where hip records are sold

THE VIRGIN FUGS

for adult minds only (ask Bob about it)

observing usual downtown
shopping hours-mon. & thurs. to 9

-ALL UNUSUAL AND HARD TO FIND RECORDINGS-

MOTHER'S "How-To" SERIES

Look!

Instalment 1:

"DISRESPECTABLE Joints, & OTHER PLACES WE HAVE KNOWN"

"HOME ENJOYMENT" (AND STUFF)

CREASE!

Step 1. Hold 1 paper in the left* hand as shown. The paper should be creased at the indicated place, but only slightly.

* procedure is entirely reversible for left-handed freak

Step 2.

MEXICO BECKONS

"WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS"

"OLD FAITH FUL"

MOTHER

TO ROST of Body

SMOKE MOKES OKESM KESMO ESMOK

CAT

While still holding the paper, pick up "convenient" container filled with SH*T. Gently tap contents into crease, being careful not to spill any. This can be accomplished... in part, by stopping about 1/8" from either end. After this has been accomplished (the amount should be no greater than a 1/4" cylinder) the container should be immediately re-capped, folded, or eaten, as the case may be.

P O T

DO NOW.....IT

Step 3 "Life begins at 11" (or so)

INSET

NOTE INNER FOLD

dope

Rolling motion

DO NOT PASS GO. SQUEEZE.

SQUEEZE!

CANNABIS LIVES!

HI!

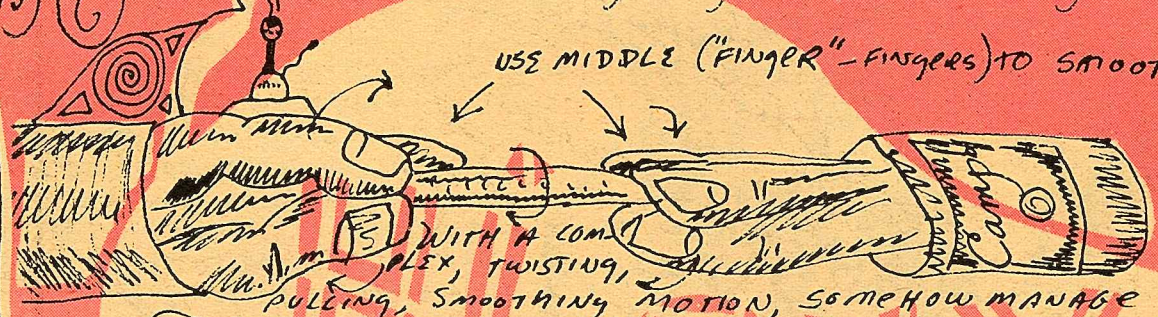
I AM THE PIG
KOO-KOO KA-OINK!

Shift fingers so they are holding the filled, creased paper as shown. Squeeze ends together with middle and index fingers, and with an upward, rolling motion of the thumbs, bend the already-formed cylinder up onto the rest of the paper. (See inset above for detail) With the cylinder between thumbs and index fingers, roll it back & forth to perfect its roundness. Do not spill anything!

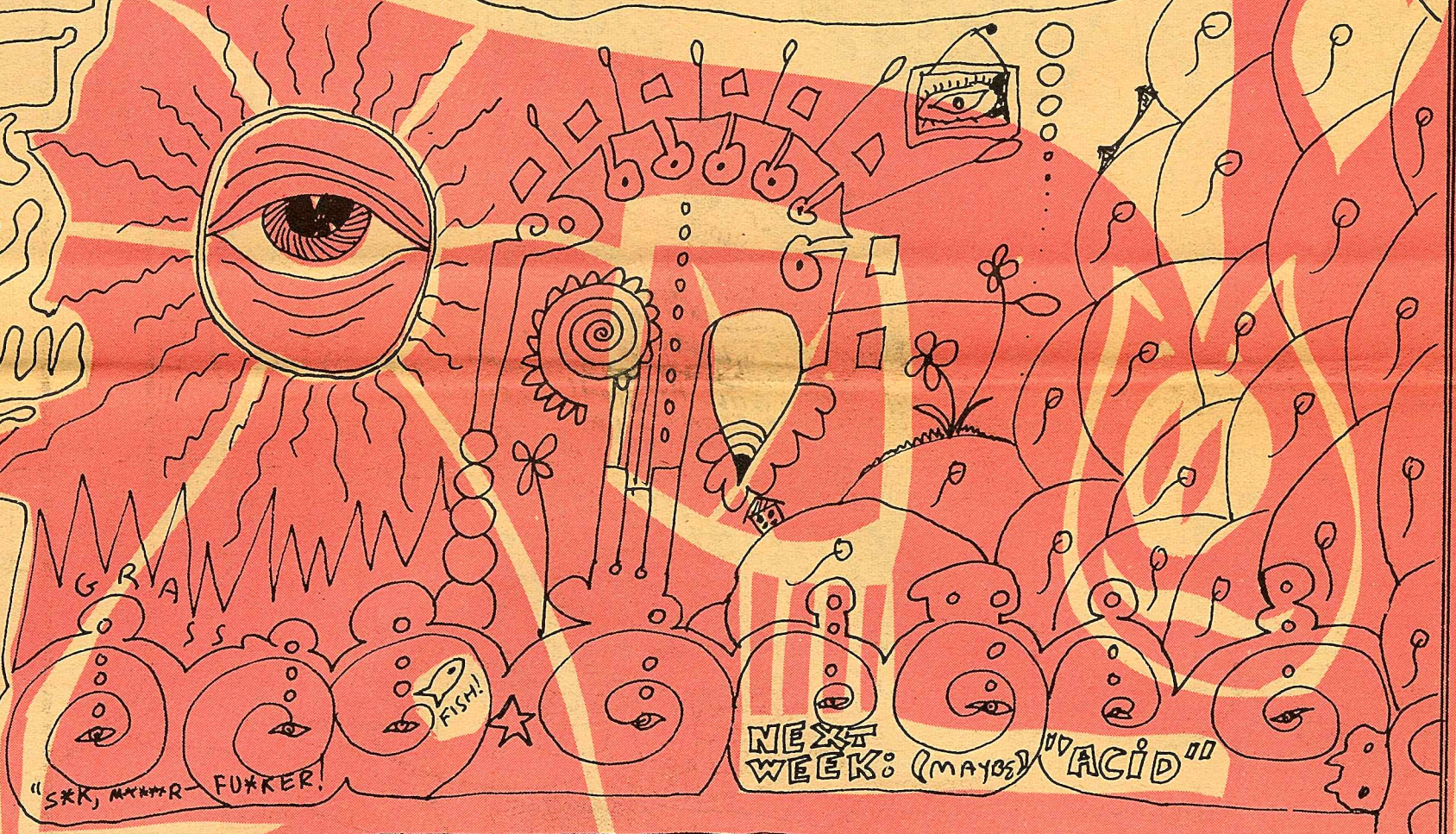
MORE

STEP 4 "Rolling Up"

(FOR THE SAKE of Confusion, SOME FINGERS HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED!)

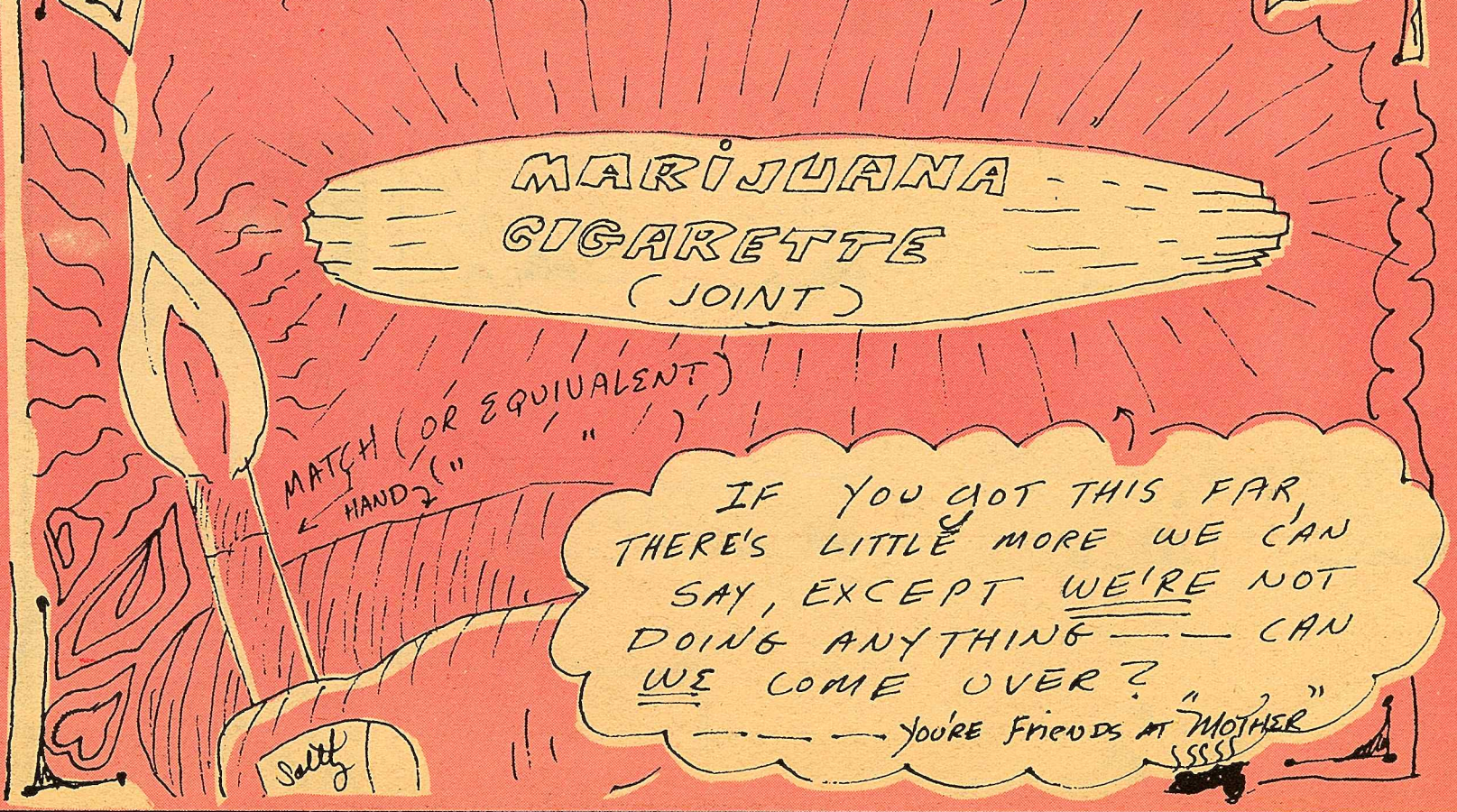

USE MIDDLE ("FINGER"-FINGERS) TO SMOOTH.
WITH A COMPLEX, TWISTING, PULLING, SMOOTHING MOTION, SOMEHOW MANAGE TO ROLL WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY 'GOT' INTO THE REST OF THE PAPER. CONTINUE TO ROLL, PULL, SMOOTH, AND STUFF UNTIL YOU'RE HAPPY WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT. THEN, HOLDING THE INFANT, UNBORN JOINT IN EITHER HAND, LICK* IT. (SEE ILLUSTRATION.
SLURP!
1968

* DO NOT DESTROY BY OVER-SOPPING!



THE FINAL STEP

(BEFORE A NEW SERIES OF EVENTS)


MARIJUANA CIGARETTE (JOINT)
MATCH (OR EQUIVALENT)
HAND (" ")
IF YOU GOT THIS FAR, THERE'S LITTLE MORE WE CAN SAY, EXCEPT WE'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING—— CAN WE COME OVER?
——— YOU'RE FRIENDS AT "MOTHER"
SSSSS

J

SCUM RESURRECTED

Roman authorities, acting on information from a paid informer, have arrested the leader of a dissident group of pacifists. Jesus Christ, of no fixed address, was brought before Magistrate Pontius Pilate and bound over for trial. He was arrested in the company of several suspected homosexuals while loitering in an olive grove near Jerusalem. The Romans state that their attention was drawn to Christ when he was observed kissing another man under a tree.

Authorities feel that with the arrest of Christ, the anti-militant group will become disorganized and disperse. The former carpenter and magician drew a large motley following of malcontents with his idealistic philosophy of love and peace. While paying lip service to the law, his teachings are believed responsible for draft dodging and the desertation of tax collectors.

In a public statement, King Herod said that the Christian group is a social blight on the city. Their refusal to work at normal jobs and lack of decent home lives are an insult to decent citizens and a bad example for children. "Christians are scum, and scum always rises to the surface," he said. Herod expressed the hope that the group could be brought back into society.

Deputy Chief Centurian Fiskus of the Romans later announced that the arrest presaged an intended crackdown on the Christian community. He referred to the raid as a warning to "Christians" against congregating in Jerusalem this summer. Fiskus said that the Romans had conferred with legal experts to find existing laws that could be used against the group.

The charges against Christ include: loitering in an area appurtenant to a public building; having no visible means of support; practising medicine without a license; conducting an unlawful assembly; public mischief; assault of money changers in a religious building; creating a disturbance by shouting; failure to pay income tax; obstructing an officer; and several counts of advocating an illegal act.

Christ is also held on suspicion under the Narcotics Control Act. He has claimed to have seen visions and claims super natural powers for himself. Authorities feel that this is probably the result of using drugs.

One official referred to the "Christians" as a group of parasites who add nothing to the betterment of society. They wander aimlessly around the country, he said, frequenting the company of thieves, drunkards and prostitutes. "This anti-social behavior goes against everything we have been taught to believe in."

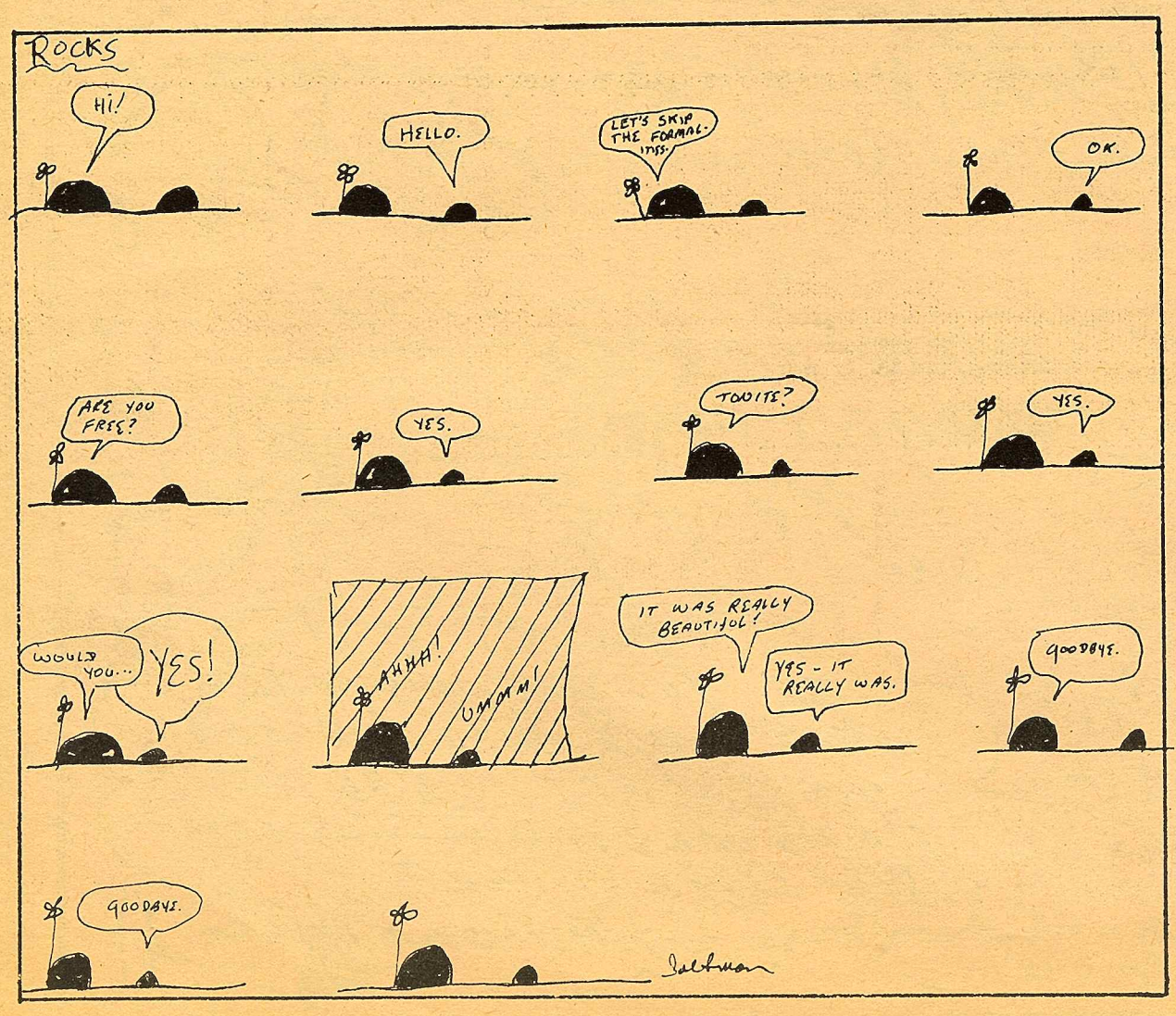
Aintonio Sooderius, one of the producers of the Seven O'Sundial Show at the arena, was reassigned to other duties after publicly comparing Christ with Moses. Two hundred irate citizens threw clay tablets charging 'sacrilege" and "heresy."

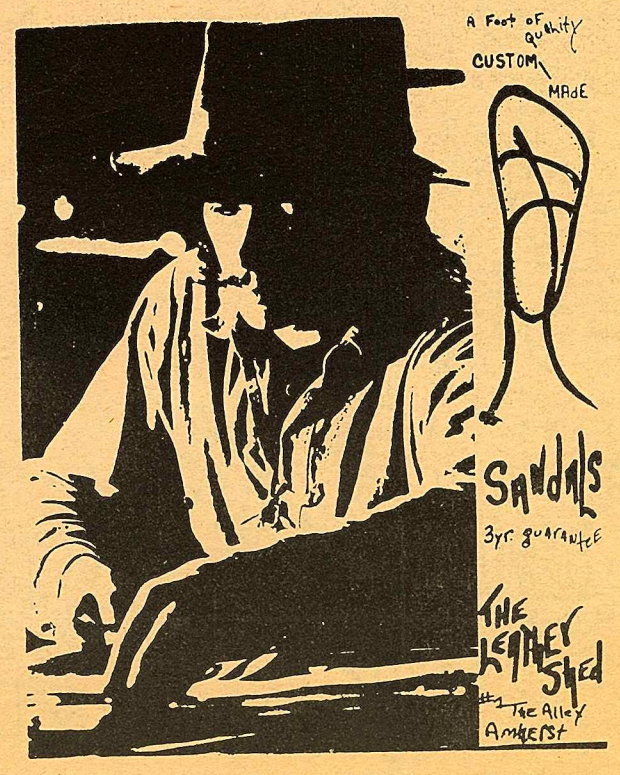
Roman officials feel that with the arrest of Christ, his unkempt following will quietly disperse. "This is a passing fad," one said. "If we stop it right now it will never become a major problem."

The trial of Jesus Christ is set for Friday and a group of responsible, interested citizens have announced their intention of attending and making their views known.

With luck, Rome will have heard the last of this bearded troublemaker and his strange philosophy.

--by Wanis Kouri
(LNS and Georgia Straight)





HUMOR IN UNIFORM

South Vietnam, March 22 (LNS)--A Negro soldier, in one of his last letters home, complained to his mother that some U.S. army units in So. Vietnam were flying Confederate flags.

"The Negroes here are afraid, and cannot do anything about this," 2nd Lt. Eddie Kitchen Jr., a career soldier from Chicago, wrote in a letter dated Feb. 23. He asked his mother to notify the President.

"If you...cannot do anything about it, then let me know and I will take further action on my own...I have noticed the Confederate flag being flown on many vehicles and displayed at some installations..."

"As a non-commissioned officer I would have just torn the flag from the vehicle, but as a commissioned officer, I cannot lose complete control of myself."

Lt. Kitchen was killed in Vietnam on March 6.

BEN CAT, So. Vietnam, March 22 (LNS)--One dead Viet Cong is worth three days of sunbathing at the seashore for some American soldiers hunting the guerrillas around Saigon, according to U.S. Infantrymen here.

They said soldiers who kill one more Viet Cong in operation "Will to Win" are rewarded with three days at one of the three U.S. rest and recreation centers on the South Vietnamesee Coast.

YIPPEE (continued from p. 5)

need them. One of the functions of the Vietnam war is to get rid of human fat within America the Fat Man. If there were no Vietnam war, America might have to create one.

The human relationships within the movement do not as yet represent the model for the new society: the m movement grows out of an irrational societies, and the scars on tis breast reveals its birthright. We are rough on one another; ego-bruising is more common than not. Our unity on the other hand, the foundation of the movement is friendship; the movement is a series of inter-connecting friendship circles, and that is its strengh.

The movement's veins and arteries are its underground papers. The movement's greatest need today is for alternative economic institutions, like cooperatives. Think of the millions of dollars the movement people spend in dope deals; music; rock dancers; poster sales. It is unfourtunate that the profit goes to private sources, rather than to build community alternatives. The movement must begin to feed and support its guerillas if it is to develop counter-institutions.

We are a danger to our government. It is tough to fight a war like the one in Vietnam with one hand tied behind your back, and we have one had tied behind LBJ's back and one finger in his nose. The disruptive street demonstrations, the rowdy campus uprisings, the disaffiliation from the society by the youth, the riots, the outspoken defiance of the draft, the emergence of serious doubts by respectable politicians.... all this creates a mixture that LBJ must deal with. America is isolated in the world. She has no allies; she cannot create diversionary crises. She is lonely with her weapons. All alone. And it's cold.

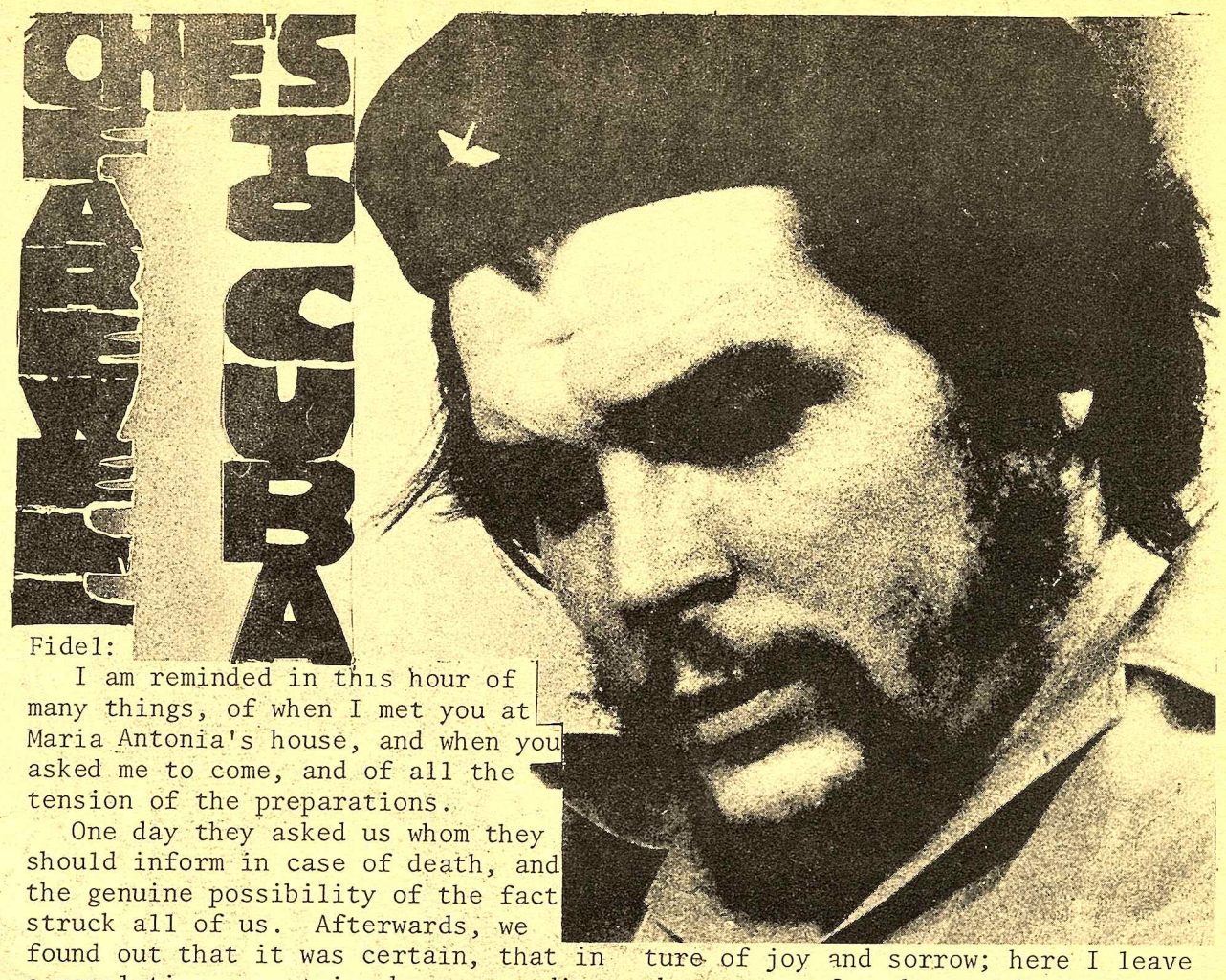
America's last words will be inscribed on her tombstone:

"I thought those things when I was your age, too."

"Have you bought a new car this year?"

"The law provides that you must stay off our property."

And dropping flowers on America's grave will be the dancing spirits of Jesus Christ, Karl Marx, Nguyen Van Troi, Simon Bolivar, Bonnie and Clyde, Che Guevara, Thomas Paine, Malcolm X. America was right--- it was a conspiracy after all!!!



Fidel:

I am reminded in this hour of many things, of when I met you at Maria Antonia's house, and when you asked me to come, and of all the tension of the preparations.

One day they asked us whom they should inform in case of death, and the genuine possibility of the fact struck all of us. Afterwards, we found out that it was certain, that in a revolution, one triumphs or one dies (indeed it is true). Many comrades were left along the road toward victory.

Today everyone has a less dramatic tone because we are more mature, but the fact continues. I feel that I have completed that part which bound me to the Cuban Revolution and it's territory, and I say good bye to you, to the comrades, to your town, which is mine too.

I am making a formal resignation of my duties in the Government Party, of my post as Minister, of my rank of Commander, of my Cuban citizenship. Nothing legal ties me to Cuba, only cords of another sort that can't be broken, as appointments can.

Making an inventory of my past life, I believe I worked with sufficienthonor and dedication for the consolidation of the revolutionary triumph. My only fault of any gravity is not having confided more in you from the first moments in the Sierra Maestra and not having understood with sufficient clarity your qualities of leader and revolutionary. I have lived magnificent days and felt at your side the pride of belonging to our town in the glowing and sad days of the Caribbean crisis.

Few times did a politician outshine the others than in those days. I am proud also at having followed without hesitation, identifying with your manner of thinking and of seeing and of appreciating the dangers and principles.

Other lands of the world demand the aid of my modest forces. I can do what is being denied you by the responsibility of the Cuban Front, and so the hour for us to separate has arrived.

You know that I do it with a mixture of joy and sorrow; here I leave the purest of my hopes of a builder and the most desired among my human desires...I leave a town that took me in as a child; this cuts to pieces a part of my spirit. In the new camps of battle I will carry the faith that you have given me, the revolutionary spirit of my town, the feeling of achieving the most sacred of tasks: to fight against imperialism wherever it is; this reenlivens and cures with excess any laceration.

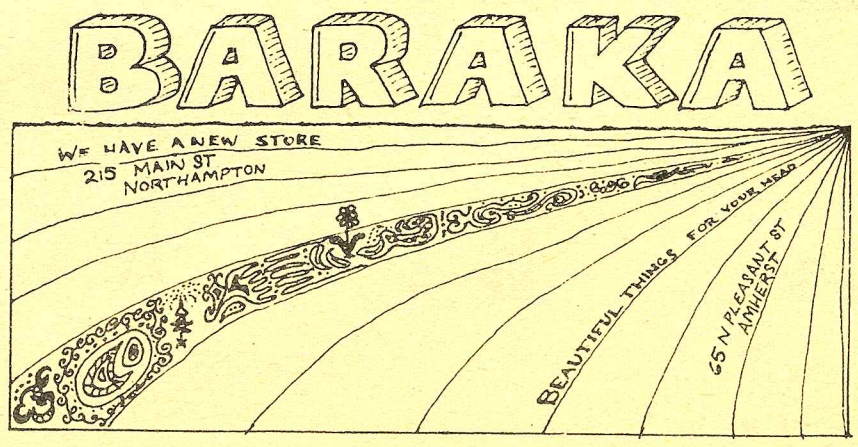
I say again that I free Cuba from any responsibility, and I save that which arises from its example. That if the final hour arrives beneath other skies, my last thought will be for this town and especially for you, that I give you thanks for your teaching and your example and that I will try to be faithful until the last consequences of my acts. That I have been identified always with the exterior politics of our Revolution, and I continue being so. That whereever it stops me I will feel the responsibility of being a revolutionary Cuban and I will put it into action. That I don't leave my children and my wife any material goods does not cause me any grief: I am happy that it is so ask nothing for them but that the State gives them what they need to live and be educated.

I would have many things to tell you and our town, but I feel that they are unnecessary; the words can't express what I would like, and it is not worth the toil to scribble this sheet of paper.

Always toward victory. Country or Death! I embrace you with all the revolutionary fervor,

Che

(Translated by Nancy Dudley from the Cuban publication "Vida Universitaris," Oct. 1967.)



L

REPLICA (CONTINUED FROM PAGE C)

then to the Amherst Commons, and were called nigger-lovers by the athletic students in Hills Dorm at U. of Mass. and were called cocksuckers by fraternity men along N. Pleasant Street who also threw cherrybombs which exploded in the faces of the marchers, on that night at 1:15 in the morning I saw the white boys from that University subsidized fraternity gamboling on their lawn in sheets tied down on their bodies as no Klu Klux Klan member could improve on. I saw a victory celebration. Those frat boys were happy that King was dead. With beer and leers and firecrackers the fraternity boys who just love that flag and Fourth of July were celebrating.

On Friday a memorial demonstration occurred at the Amherst Commons. 1500 students, faculty members, clergymen and hippies attended. There was crap said by men who should have known better. But every marcher felt his belly and loins alive again--they felt guilt for their race and that is one hell of a beginning. But the town, the businesses, the traffic, the fraternities, the bank construction held their day with business as usual.

Cops played traffic control men--but no cop prayed. Businessmen went on conducting their affairs. Already 8 black people had been killed in the cities. But business was conducted at its usual pace. The wind whipped the American flag ludicrously hung half-masted so that the prayers of the demonstrators were drowned out by the flag's flapping. Classes went on in the universities. Law and order was undismayed. The presidents of U. of Mass. and Amherst College were busy conducting their essential business. And thousands upon thousands of people in Amherst were living a Friday, awaiting the weekend and life as usual.

There are 84 Negro American students at U. of Mass. and no more is wanted. The world is blowing up and nobody in Amherst is affected. People talk about racism in the cities. Yet, everywhere one looks in Amherst, as Leroi Jones would put it, everything is white white white white white--stone white. Now that just isn't natural, and if it isn't natural, it's forced, it's structured, it's made. And just who makes Amherst so stone white? The employment agency at the University which somehow makes it possible for maybe a dozen Negroes to be hired and most of them are the wives of graduate students?

Is it the Protestant or Catholic realtor who makes Amherst so stone white? Is it the Admissions people at the University? Is it the students at the University? Those heterogeneous students, the majority of whom are Catholics and everybody knows how Boston Catholics are so tolerant of racial difference. Loise Day Hicks wasn't elected because she had nice teeth. Was it the Protestant students, like those from Melrose or Weston or Lexington where no Negro can buy property? Was it the Jewish students who have that beautiful word "schwatza" for their black brethree? Perhaps the administrators? The white administrators? The stone white administrators? The stone white full professors? The stone white janitors, or grounds crew, or skilled workmen? Perhaps the University of Mass. is stone white so the stone white construction unions who build the new buildings won't be offended by using rest rooms alongside of colored folks

If America's made up of ghettoes, white, black, yellow, and red; and those ghettoes only vary with respect to economic class, then it won't even harm one set of ghettoes if all classes of another race don't continue to exist. Classes and races are isolated. And Amherst is middle class and white and far away from the cities and the town selectmen and officials of various institutions see it as their duty to keep Amherst the way it is.

Well now, the way it is it is racist. Down to the marrow, down to the last fibre of its cankerous soul it is racist.

I think it will remain that way. I imagine it will die but in a funny way. It will shrivel up just like a plant does when you cut off its water and minerals. It slowly turns yellow-green and stunts and grows limp and leaves dry up and the ground around its stem cracks and powders, and the plant is dead.

We will probably be the last to go as an ecological unit because we are so perfectly isolated, so perfectly controlled, so far from the places that are already dead or are in the process of dieing. There isn't even a good news radio station to tell us what doesn't go on in the world.

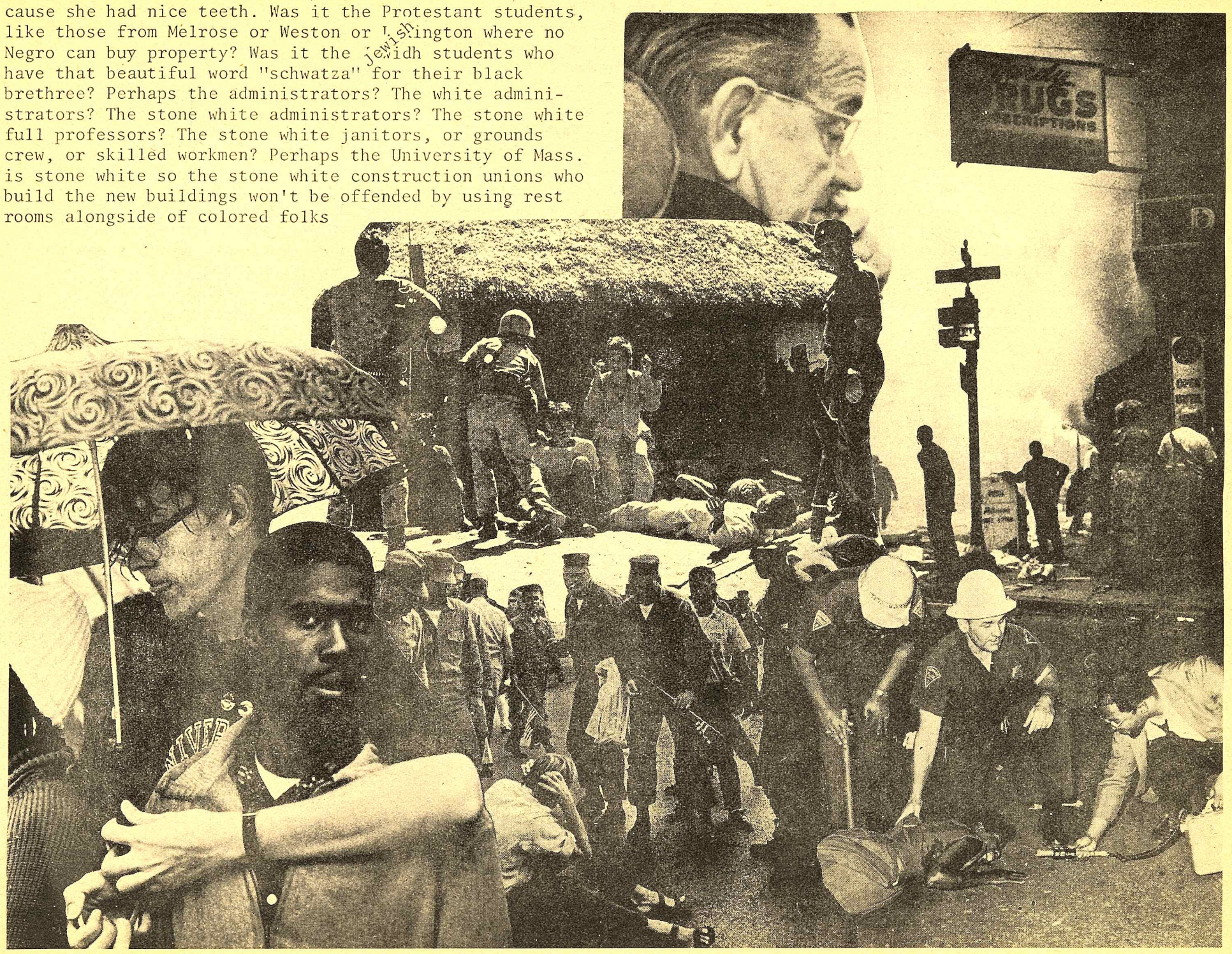
But there is this desire I am told of people who want to save the world, who admit their guilt, and would now redress the evil of the world they have made. These people ask what they can do. Because they ask what they can do they are liars, they are dead, they can not stave off the apocalyptic fires.

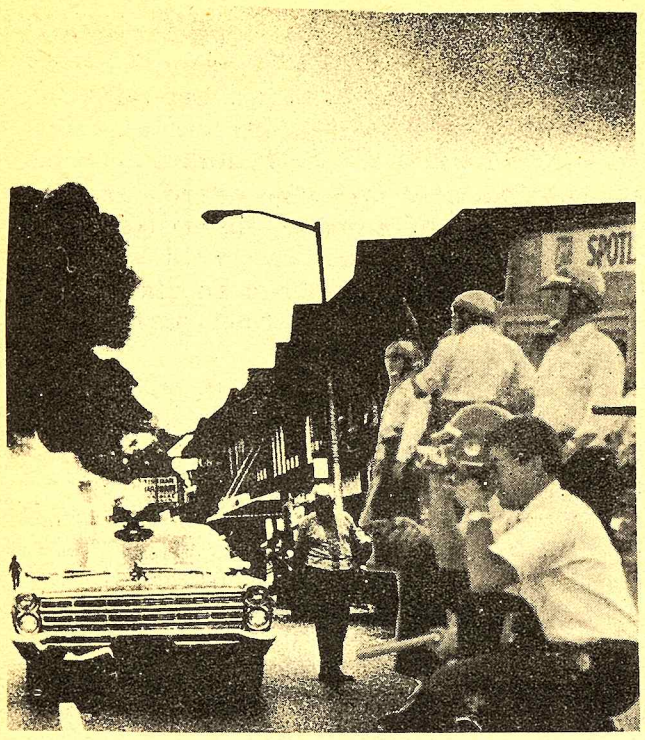
Because the answer to racism is non-racism. The answer is to make Amherst grey, to let black people in where they want to come in--housing, employment, marriage, businesses, student admission, police department, clergy, etc., etc. Let the black man in and let him know that you want him to come in. Live with him, love with him, touch him.

But you can't even do that among yourselves. You can not even think of that yourselves. Because you cannot see that your lives, your energies, everything that you have to think with and live with has to be used now to let the black man in.

You therefore will die. And your white houses will stand among elephantine crabgrass. Your modern educational buildings will be buried in the dust blown from your fallow fields. Your rich clothing will become the stuff that larvae will feed on. Because you can't let the black man in as you can't let the white man or any man into the lonely little hole you have fashioned into a defense against the beauty and life that upsets your bellies and makes your loins writhe.

--Bart Kaplan





JOHNNY HOLOCAUST (CONTINUED FROM P. C)

explosive violent anger. They have already begun to move in Watts, Harlem, Rochester, Newark, Detroit, Cleveland, Berkeley, Boston,Chicago, Dallas and Memphis. These are but the feeble kickings of the infant in the womb.

The infant has been born. It is growing. It is growing. It is already a young giant. Soon it will flex its muscles; it will test its strength. It will cut its teeth on the cities of America. It will build up its young muscles by tearing down the factories, mills, power plants, high ways, communications of America. Full grown, it will challenge all the military might of America, and it will crush it. Because those millions of Americans who will rise and burn, those millions believe. They have the strength of unshakable faith. That strength is the strength of giants. It is a strength that cannot be opposed except by faith of equal magnitude. And that faith is lacking among those who will oppose them.

You who read this, do you have the strength to face a violent madman? Those who would bring down America are indeed mad. They are mad because they refuse to let their souls be drained by America. They live, they live as men, passionately, in America, which would destroy all passion; therefore, they are mad. And their madness shall prevail.

Nonsense! You say. The police will put them in jail; the National Guard will shoot them; the Airborne will crush their revolt. That sounds all very plausible, and yet America is unable to crush the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, even spending twenty to thirty billion dollars a year supporting five hundred thousand soldiers who do nothing but try to crush the Vietnamese Communists. The police, after all, must maintain law and order. Even when there are no riots they are hardly equal to the task. How much more of a strain will it be when every major American city has wall-to-wall snipers? And the National Guard, with their jobs and families and workaday lives to lead. How much time can they devote to patrolling the streets without seriously disrupting their own lives and the life of the communities of which they are the backbone. The Airborne, of course, are professional, incredibly efficient, well-trained troops. Perhaps if America could train, equip and maintain a permanent professional force of, say, two million Airborne Rangers, it could maintain "law and order" in the streets of America's cities. Perhaps. But what would be the cost? Not just the financial cost, although it would be enormous, much more than the cost of the Vietnam War. Think of the Psychological cost. How long can people live in a state of siege, tanks in the streets, identity card checkpoints buildings sandbagged, barbed wire on the boulevards, how long can people live in such a state of extreme tension and still believe in the American Dream and the American Way of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness with Liberty and Justice for All?

The American Dream is leisure and comfort and freedom and security. The American Dream is liberalism, tolerance, the Bill of Rights. There is no room for these things if the country is under siege, if an occupying army controls the streets, and a phantom force of terrorists might let loose a bomb any minute anywhere. And if these myths die then the country dies. The people who sustain this country, who maintain and develop the economy, who teach the young, heal the sick, research and develop, if these people are sickened unto death by the spectacle of a fascist America, they will no longer maintain and develop. They may go through the motions, but their hearts will not cooperate. And so, the great military-industrial-political-educational complex of America will fall into ruin.

Those revolutionaries who are arming today cannot hope to bring down the American system directly and by their own efforts. But they can force America to turn the full force of its incredible potential for violence on America and Americans.Those who fight and die today are working toward the day when America will consume itself in its own violence. The bombs we drop in Vietnam are exploding at home. Listen, you can hear them. They are walking over the land, spreading death and destruction. They are coming closer....

Some day peace will return to the land. Perhaps in ten years, or twenty. Maybe it will take fifty or a hundred years of bloodshed for America to work out the bad karma it has accumulated in the last three hundred. But some day it will be all over. Our children or our children's children will try to build a new group, a new myth, a new Way of Life from the ashes of this one. Perhaps we ourselves will start this task. But you are wondering, what will the land look like when it is all over and peace has returned?

I cannot say for sure what the future will be like. But I can say this with a fair degree of confidence: When peace returns to our land, there will be no more General Motors no F.B.I., no House Un-American Activities Committee, no American Civil Liberties Union. The Interstate highway system will probably be in disrepair, and weeds will likely grow on the runway of Kennedy International Airport. There will no more I.B.M., and computers will be objects of superstitous veneration, or museum pieces, or simply scrap metal.

America will most likely be inhabited by fairly small hunting and gathering tribes. There may be a national structure, somewhat akin to the Holy Roman Empire. In the hierarchies of status among the tribes, it would be not at all surprising if those ancient lineage, i.e. the Indians, had the most prestige. The level of technology will be that of junkyard mechanical ingenity,largely because of the abundance of junkyards. The air will be once again fresh and clean, the rivers will be on the way to decontamination, wildlife and plantlife will be more plentiful. The human population will be a fraction of what it is today, and it will be, on the whole, healthier, wealthier, and infinitely more wise.

And where do you fit into this grand scheme? Where indeed? Everyone of you who read this, and everyone of you who do not, have a part to play in this drama of death and transfiguration. The John Birch Society and the Minutemen as well as SNCC and the Black Panthers have a part to play in the decline and fall of the American Empire.

More importantly, you are sitting there reading this, cowering in your fearful confusion, you have a most important part to play. It depends, of course, on who you are, which way you will jump when the holocaust reaches your neighborhood. Some of you, alienated white disillusioned middle class youths who never quite fit into the middle class mold, you will jump into the thick of it, burning, bombing, sniping, whatever needs to be done. Some of you will try to avoid the whole mess. But there will be nowhere to run in America, nowhere to hide.

So some of you will leave, become refugees in Canada or Australia or some other less violent, more comfortable society. Many of you will be shocked and horrified. You will first call for law and order, and then be sickened with horror at the carnage that law and order will leave in its wake. And so you will see, at last, that there is no way out, no responsible, liberal, reasonable magic wand you can wave to make it go away. (The peace movement is a lie; there is no peace, there will be no peace until the Furies' appetite for blood has been satisfied.)

The day will come when you reasonable, moderate, people can no longer refer to outside agitators stirring up trouble, because the outside agitators will be inside everywhere. They will be in the ghettoes, in the business districts, in suburbia, in the countryside. Some of them will be your sons and daughters, and your neighbors. And so, your life exposed and insupportable, the security of your most cherished beliefs shattered, unequipped to understand or cope with the world you live in, you, you beautiful, reasonable people, the backbone of American society, technocratic nobility of a country gone mad with machinery. You will sicken and die. And with your deaths will come the death of the last remnants of the American Dream, that charming, impossible Dream.

You will die, America, of a broken heart.

—— Johnny Holocaust

N

MOTHER OF VOICES

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It's all over now, Baby Blue.
--Bob Dylan

MUTHAS

I am the Resurrection
Fred Dicker, Bart Kaplan

Bite the dust, Redman
Steve Krinsky, Augie Cohen

A Pound of Flesh, Sam
June Abdelmaseh, Jane Roland, Harry Gold

I know what I like
Alan Lande, John Canney, Chuck Volkmann, Thad Dabrowski, Bill Saltman

Half-Nelson, Full Lotus
Ed Koslow, Diane Fiske, Nick Chrisman, Ed Stadlen, Ann Hahn, Keen Hahn, Stewart Dean

Would Thou Werest
Larry Bruns, Jeff Lister, Janet Clark

Dow Jones and a slice of Pastrami
Rick Feldman, Melissa Chait, Lisa Degrouchy, Terry Linstead, Joe Sheffler

Johnny Holocaust
It's too late to say you're sorry...

A New Ration Book, No Spam
Pat Barry, Dave Ruscak, Bob Drinkwater, Mike Meehan, Mark Heyda, Natalie Kaplan, Doug Bradway (Hi, Scots), Tently Bebinef, Ben Clark (slumlord)

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TUE APRIL 16 — 8:00 S.U. BALLROOM
THU APRIL 18 — 8:00 MAHAR

OPEN TO PUBLIC

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS, AMHERST

It's a deal: 1962 Rambler Station Wagon--running but needs body work. $100. Call 584-8964.

N

YOUNG MAN 21 or over,college man preferred, to work part time on pleasure yacht-Chris Craft 36ft. Double Cabin-twin scrw, as Captain or mate. Week ends preferred from May 1968 to Sept.1968. Boat located Essex-Saybrook,Conn. Call evenings:525-2284,Hartford,Conn.

O

STUD SERVICE-Guaranteed to please. 8 months old,half cocker spaniel, half german shepherd, for rent. Good for reproduction or fun. Write File A, c/ MOV.

O

MOV editors looking for employment; will do anything. Write *Work, Box 429, Amherst, Mass. 01002.*

K

TAG SALE!!!
NICE BRASS HASH PIPES WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE AT BARAKA IMMEDIATELY. THEY ARE ALL VERY NICE AND THE PRICES ARE POPULAR.

I

Despa Press introduces its second book, Stills from a Cinema, with poetry by David Axelrod & graphics by Bob Pero. Available in local bookstores or directly from publisher,Despa Press,Box 123, Northampton,Mass.

E

25 year old very modern superintendent of apartment house in East Orange, New Jersey. Has own pad- want females to share same. Call 201-OR2-3829(STEVE). Write: Box 2054, E. Orange,N.J.

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Draft Jitters? If you're faced with Selective Service problems and need accurate advice, phone or visit Draft Information Service, Valley Peace Centre, 203 N. Pleasant Street, 253-9879, 9:30-4:30.

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THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL
includes complete instructions for building Strobes, Color Organs, Light Machines, etc. Send $2 to Lightworks, 409 East 6th St.,NYC.

N

5 second hand human fingers for sale. Middle finger alone $20, whole set $30.(Not intended for contraceptive purposes). Write Augie, c/o MOV.

O

Young business executive,22,tired of snobby college girls wants to meet sincere,funloving(working) girls, 18-21.Boston Area. Write P.O.Box 96,Newton Center,Mass.

W

Tall, handsome young male artist (32,6'3" 185lbs),needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541(N.Y.C.

!!!

FOR SALE- 1959 VW bus in quasi-running condition; wood paneling and carpeting in rear; colorful flower designs :Call Maynard,256-8211.

MOTHER'S CHEAPIES

$1.00 per 3 lines
.25 each line thereafter

(30 characters per line)

Mother of Voices
Box 429
Amherst, Mass.
01002

If anyone is wondering about MOV's December obscenity bust, we would be interested in hearing from them. We'd like to know what is happening too.

Wally Poo, we want to love you.

This Easter Sunday (I am the eggman, too) the Greenfield, Mass High School will be sponsoring a noontime silent vigil to honor all those who have died in Vietnam and hope for the war's end. MOV will be sponsoring a screaming softball game honoring all those who have lived.

If anyone in Amherst would like to rent a reasonably priced office, barn, attic, or cellar to MOV we would be most appreciative. We can afford around $50 a month and will be most honorable tenants.

MAMA'S PIZZA
OPEN TILL 2AM
103 N. PLEASANT ST, AMHERST
253-9858
FAST PICK-UP OR CAMPUS DELIVERY
THIS AD WORTH 25¢
TOWARDS ANY WHOLE PIZZA

FLAG FLYING

In a rush of kindness MOV will grant free classifieds to anyone offering free goods or services of any kind.

Desirous of maintaining our present popularity we will soon be offering Mother bumper stickers with some hellava sayings: "Tetley Tea is Made from Burlap." They will soon be available.

If you are having any parties, head shows, speeches, banquets, and such, let us know. It is time we got close to one another. And if anyone wishes to invite dirty hippies to a party of society ladies interested in the unusual, the staff of MOTHER is available. Reasonable reates.

Word is given: Steppenwolf Youngbood is evo tripping in an Arizonian teepee.

Bill Saltman has contracted sanity and is sinking rapidly.

Running and then stipping, to the wooden donut the hermit met his mother. She spoke softly, showing no emotion, saying, "Children are creatures whose destiny is of the other world." She fell to the ground and felt the earth.

Flag is sad to report that the madness of capitalism has done-in Boston's Club 47, and they are closing. They will be sponsoring a great last show on April 20, featuring Tom Rush, presented at the Back Bay Theatre. If you look for us we'll look for you.

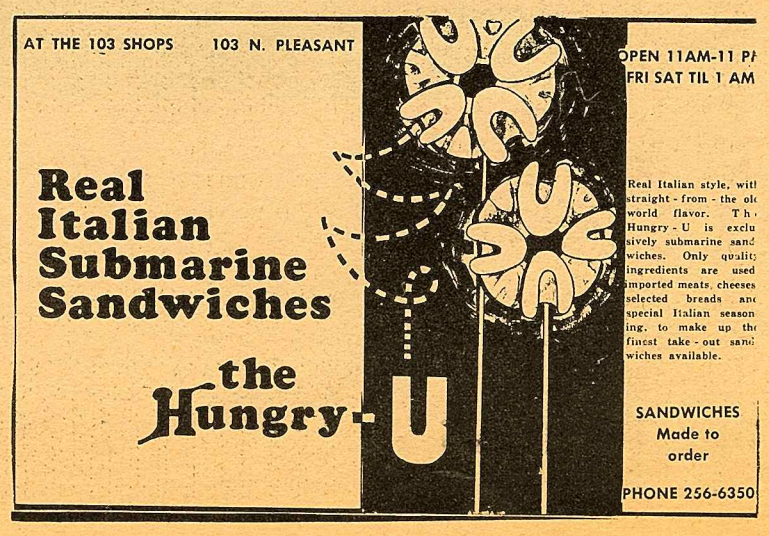
If any of you are art grad students you might wish to earn some extra money by coloring the back cover of our Spring (#9) issue. A free sub. to Mom will be awarded and can easily be bartered for a dollar or two. Non-art majors may also participate but must submit to screendoor treatment.

Another good gimmick which we've decided to use to provoke interest is an Obscene Essay Contest. Entries should be less than 500 words and flagrantly filthy.

A free sub. to MOV will be available to anyone who sells 4 subscriptions. Get 4 and receive a fifth one free.

And now, let us pray.

Flag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NUMBER 1 FOR $5.00

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